The Life of a Hindu Woman

AND

The Biography of Libbie Cilley Griffin

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Central BAPTIST
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
in memoriam
MRS. FRANKIE G. MERSON
presented by
E. Elizabeth Merson
KANSAS CITY, KANSAS

Libbie Cilley Griffin
1893

The Life of a Hindu Woman

AND

The Biography of Libbie Cilley Griffin

BY

REV. LIBBIE CILLEY GRIFFIN, PH.B.

AND

REV. Z. F. GRIFFIN, B.D.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR, Z. F. GRIFFIN

1927

Keuka Park, N. Y.

All the proceeds from the sale of these books go to endow a memorial alcove for Mrs. Griffin in the library of Keuka College.

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BOOK I.

The Life of a Hindu Woman

By REV. LIBBIE CILLEY GRIFFIN, PH.B.

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Personal Appreciation

Dear Bro. Griffin:

In view of my close friendship and acquaintance with Mrs. Griffin's rich service, beginning when we were classmates in Hillsdale College, the freedom of a letter is preferred to a studied form usually fit for a book. Before you met her we were classmates in the "halcyon days" of campus, halls, class rooms and various student activities, in an atmosphere always happy, and peculiarly favorable to religious culture in the dear old room No. 7 of blessed memory for the student prayer meeting, and in equally loved Collegiate church and Sunday school. Her ardent interest in foreign missions and never dimmed purpose to dedicate her life to that sphere were matched by a life of innocent fun. That she always maintained a wholesome balance of cheer and seriousness is betokened by what she wrote a few weeks before she went into "The Other Room." She gave an account of a time of peculiar strain for adults and children at the mission. An evening was appointed for recreation alone. To one of her associates who believed she must not spend time in that way which could be given to discuss plans for work she said, "We shall miss you, but the children and we all need jollity occasionally."

Her zeal was boundless, but was graced by a rich humanism and high efficiency as a member of the boards of the General Conference of Free Baptists, and later as a member of boards of the Northern Baptist Convention. In pulpit supply and settled pastorates in

her homeland, in travels among the churches, correspondence and writing of missionary literature, there was a versatility of activities most unusual for one of impaired health.

She had few, if any, peers in the foreign field in a variety of undertakings, several of them not previously rendered in any field as a precedent or experience to guide her. Some of these are now established policies of fields and communions other than her own. But these will be treated in the body of the biography and this letter must not trespass on the author's field. You make it a fine contribution to missions by letting the world know more about her.

Sincerely yours,

*JOSEPH W. MAUCK.

Hillsdale, Mich., April, 1927.

*Dr. Mauck is President Emeritus of Hillsdale College.

Introduction

Mrs. Griffin was actually on the mission field in Bengal and Orissa for eighteen years. During that time she always had more or less work with the women. Her work took her to the homes not only of the poor and lowly but also to the homes of the rich and high-caste. She has seen these women in all sorts and conditions of their lives, and she herself having been of a warm-hearted and sympathetic nature, has found her way into the hearts of many of these women.

She has seen the wives of six and seven years of age, the brides of ten and eleven, and the mothers of twelve and thirteen years of age. Not once or twice but many scores of times. She, too, has seen child-widows and widows of mature years and knows something of the suffering of these poor women, and these are found not here and there in isolated cases but by the millions, and they are scattered all over India and the same cruel restrictions are placed upon them everywhere, for this is the teaching of the sacred books.

When she speaks of the women of India, she speaks from experience. And yet there are many instances that she cannot even speak of. Some years ago she was asked to give a missionary address before the Central Association of Baptists in the city of Buffalo, New York. Her subject was the "Life of a Hindu Woman." It was so well received that she was asked to give the same address in one of the large Presbyterian churches. From that she was asked to go to many places at different times and give the same address.

Many asked that it might be printed. She had always planned to have it done but Death often cuts short our plans. She had not come to the time to publish the booklet when the Messenger called for her. I, therefore, her husband, am called to carry out her wish.

Z. F. GRIFFIN.

The Life of a Hindu Woman

One day in September in one of the great houses of a large city in Bengal, India, a baby girl is born.

Not a conch shell blows to tell the neighbors that a child is born in the great house, for never in all India was a conch shell blown when a baby girl was born.

Had the child been a boy there would have been great rejoicing, and the sound of these shells pealing out like clear-voiced horns would have told the neighbors that a son had come to add importance to the great house. No one is glad when a girl is born and it is better if the neighbors do not know.

But there is special grief and disappointment when this child is born, and the mother, lying on a mat on the floor, turns her face to the wall and sheds bitter tears. She has been married eleven years and has had no son. Her husband has seemed to love her, he has been pleased with her beauty, he has always treated her quite kindly, and has paid more attention to her, she is sure, than many Bengali men do to their wives. But because she has had no son, her husband has told her that soon, according to Hindu custom, he must take another wife. She cannot blame him, she only bewails her fate, and has fasted and given gifts to the Brahmans, and pled with the gods, and made vows of what she would give to them if they would but hear her prayer and give to her a son. Then came hope. But today the child has been laid in her arms and it is *only a girl.*

The tiny wail of the baby's voice is all unheeded by the mother, for her whole frame is convulsed with bitter weeping.

No one tries to comfort her, indeed there is no word of comfort that can be said. The women standing by are either talking in harsh words of reproach of her, or else grieving as is she that the head of the house will be compelled now to take a second wife, for two wives are likely to make it disagreeable. Some say they doubt if the new wife will ever be as beautiful or as kind as this one is, and others begin to wonder who she will be, and what jewels her father will give with her when she comes.

Do you wonder why this man would take a second wife? It is the custom in India if the first wife has no son that after eleven years the husband shall take another wife. The word for son is Putra. Put means hell, and Tra means Saviour, and Putra means a saviour from hell. And so he is, for the Hindus believe that if a man has a son, and that son lives longer than he, he can never go to hell. It comes to be a most serious thing then that the man have a son and that that son outlive him. This is why the provision is made that if the first wife has no son he may marry again.

By and by the mother and the child are left alone. At last her wild grief spends itself and she lies exhausted. Then the mother's love begins to assert itself, and after a time she draws the tiny thing into her arms, and soothes and comforts it. It opens its large, black eyes and looks into hers. It is a fair child even then and strange looking for its tiny, plump, naked body is but slightly brown, and its large, black eyes are almost reached by its hair as black as jet. Impul-

sively the mother kisses its forehead, its eyes, its lips, and the tears begin to fall again, but this time very quietly.

The child shall not be blamed. It is all she will have now to comfort her, all she will have to love her. *She* is to blame. What has she done to so displease the gods! She tries hard to think. Surely she has tried to please the Brahmans and to do all that they have told her. Her father is a Brahman. Her life has been full of worship to idols, and offerings and prayer and ceremonies. She has been called very devout. She cannot tell! It must have been in some other life that she has sinned. It is hard, very hard that she must suffer so for it now. But the gods are just, and they *never forget*. Sometime, somewhere, there were sins that were not atoned for by suffering and for these sins she must now atone. Oh, this woman had never heard of forgiveness, and today she lay crushed by the weight of atonement she must make for something that her soul in some other body sometime, somewhere, had done wrongly or had failed to do.

How dark and sad that night was inside that house. How dark and dismal it was outside for the rain fell incessantly and it had been raining day after day, week after week and month after month, for this was near the end of the rainy season in Bengal. So this mother and her child woke to sad, rainy days, and slept through dark and rainy nights.

The father is not unmindful of the grief in this great house—he is not cruel. One day he came in to see her and looked kindly at the little child—his baby girl. Then he came and gathered the mother up in his arms and held her close and told her that he did not

blame her, that he, too, was really sorry that he must at once begin the arrangements for his second marriage, but that the time was already overpast and it must not be longer delayed. He told her that he did not expect that the wife he must now take will ever be what she has been. How she clings to him. How proud of him she has been all these years for he is a great man, a judge in English Government employ. How can she let him go, she has not only loved him, she has almost worshiped him. When he goes away her heart is a little bit comforted and she says over and over to herself, "He never expects that his new wife will be to him what I have been."

When this baby was six days old a great thing happened. It happens to every Hindu baby when six days old. That night the mother and the child lie in their room on the floor. Near the child has been put a reed pen and a bottle of ink. A native woman—the midwife—sits up all night long and watches, and should you ask her she will tell you, and I think she may believe it, that toward morning she heard a step but could see no one. She listened and soon she heard the scratching of the pen as the great god Vidhata wrote on the forehead of the child its fate—wrote everything that would come to pass through his life of good or bad. Then the woman watched, for if the baby smiled, she knew its fate would be good, but if she tossed in her sleep then sorrow and disaster would surely come. Did this baby girl smile or did she moan while Vidhata wrote?

When she is one month old an astrologer is sent for. The astrologer is a great man who talks face to face with the gods, and knows the secrets of the stars. It is not much that he has to do at this time for this

child is only a girl. But a few calculations are made and a few things written down to be kept, to be consulted when she is to be married and to be compared with the horoscope of the man. For in some essential points these must be right.

Had the child whose horoscope he cast been a boy it would have taken long. Pages would have been covered with strange calculations and the fee would have been much more.

When she is six months old she eats a bit of rice for the first time, and then the first drop of water is put into her mouth. In India not until babies are six months old are they given one bit of water, no matter how intense the heat or whether they are burning with fever.

Had this child been a boy this first eating of rice would have been a great feast and Brahmans and relatives called in with great rejoicing. Even for girls there is some ceremony, but this baby is the child of a cast off wife and there is little done. By and by the little one begins to walk and to talk. Its little words are broken sentences in Bengali. They are precious to the mother and sometimes amusing to the others.

The child grows on, as babies always will, until it gets large enough to begin to learn some things.

Let me describe to you the house in which this child lives. There is in the middle, as there is in so large a number of the houses in Oriental lands, a courtyard with the ground for its floor and the blue, blue sky for its roof. On all sides of this courtyard above and below—for the house is two stories high—are the different rooms of this great house all opening into the verandas that are around the courtyard above and be-

low. There are no doors to the outer world save one in front on the lower floor, and between the house and the street rises a high brick wall in which is a gate. The Judge is the oldest brother of his father's family and hence the head man of the house, but he has several brothers, all married, and their families all live in this same house.

Our little girl soon finds that though the little boys, her cousins, can go anywhere in the house that they will and whenever they wish, she must not go into any of the front rooms where the men stay unless she is sent for by her father and that almost never happens. And yet when she is slipping quietly through the one room where the outside door is, to go out and play as she is allowed to do, her father sometimes calls to her and then how proud and happy she is when he speaks to her and she can talk to him.

She begins to understand, too, that she must not climb up in her mother's lap and hug and kiss her in the day time for when she does her mother never gives her one caress in return, for a Hindu mother must not kiss or caress her child when anyone can see. But in her own room in the darkness of the night her mother folds her in her arms and loves her to her heart's content. She is so glad her mother can be with her in the darkness of the night, for the dark is very terrible to every Hindu child. They are told that there are evil spirits all through the world and that they get into people's houses often to do them harm. And the great evil eye is always searching for someone to hurt and it may even now have spied out her. The air of the night, too, is thick with ghosts—the souls of people and of animals that have died and these are always

hovering about searching to find some other body in which to be born. She keeps close to her mother—but the mother can say little to help her, only to tell her that she must be very careful and do just what the Brahmans say, so they will not curse her, and she must never fail to worship the gods carefully every day lest they be angry with her. She has folded her little hands and prayed to the gods as she is told but there are so many gods, who knows even now but some of them may be angry with her.

She learned that though the larger boys, her cousins, eat with their fathers, the mothers and girls never do. They must wait and eat what is left.

She is a thoughtful child and one day when fall came and the boys hunted up their books and started for school she ran to her mother and asked if she might not go with the boys to school. Her mother said no, and there was a general exclamation of astonishment from all the women in the house. Who ever heard of such a thing, they said, as girls going to school. Did she expect to be a magistrate or judge in the court that she should learn? Besides did not the shasters say that if a woman learned to read she shall become a widow. She must never even talk of such a thing. And so forever after she kept still but she vaguely wondered how the boys dared to go to school if going to school were so dangerous a thing to do.

She runs wild at home with little to do but play in the street and is all untaught and untrained. She knows nothing of real truthfulness—she is expected to lie if that will serve her purpose or that of someone else better. She knows nothing of real obedience. Sometimes when she displeases some of the women,

blows fall thick and fast over her little head and shoulders but she can generally run into the street, where they cannot follow her, and by the time she returns no more is said. The other children of the family being more favored have more sweets and dainties than she, but she manages to steal some and her mother often hides things away to give to her at night.

Now there comes a time when this child is of importance. She is six years old and her mother tells her she is to be married. The women of the house talk to her in strange jokes that she cannot understand and when she asks about it all they nod at each other and say, "You will know what it means soon enough". She is afraid at first and does not want to be married, but when her mother assures her that she will not have to go away now, and that she will have so many new clothes and new jewels that all the women in the house will envy her, for her husband is very rich, she is happy and skips about in great glee.

But when the day comes and she is wrapped in her new silken sari and has on her gold and silver and pearls and rubies, when she sees for the first time the man whom she is to marry, a man whose hair is already streaked with grey and who does not look half so nice as her father, she is afraid of him and runs to her mother sobbing and crying and begging not to be married to that man at all. But she is brought back by coaxing and by threats. She is told what awful things happen to girls who do not obey the Brahmans and the Brahman is waiting for her, and that it is a terrible thing to displease one's husband. She comes back trembling and is put through strange ceremonies. All night long and more the marriage lasts, but after

a while the strange man goes away and she is not quite so afraid of him as when he came.

Then she begins to realize a little restraint. The loose cloth that she began to wear when four or five years old—she had worn nothing but jewelry before—she must now bring over her head and when any man is near she must pull it over her face. She can go out-of-doors still—but much less and only by the house. In the parting of her hair is a streak of red and on one wrist an iron bangle to show that she is a wife. She must learn to make sweetmeats now and to cook the fish and vegetables into the curries that the Bengalis love so well to eat with their rice. Most of the work in Brahman families is done by the servants but the women must know how to cook all the food and they usually themselves cook the dainties for their husbands, and they, too, must know how to wait on him properly when he eats. Her mother, who spent much time in the worship of the idols, trained her very carefully also in this.

How swiftly these years fly by—so cruelly swift, and when the child is hardly twelve years old, one day her mother tells her that her husband has already been sent for and that the second marriage ceremony must now be performed and she must then go and live always in her husband's house.

She will live on dainties there and dress in very fine clothes, her mother tells her, trying to comfort her heart—but she does not know where his house is, she has never seen anyone there, she is almost afraid of him. This makes no difference. The husband comes, Brahmans are feasted, relatives and friends receive gifts of wedding garments and the second ceremony

is performed. She was a legal wife before and had the husband died she would have been a widow and compelled to remain a widow, with all that means in India, just as long as she lived.

The next morning the bridegroom goes to his home not a mile away. And later in the day a palanquin is brought into the central courtyard of the house by men—the women have gone into their rooms out of sight—and it is set down there and the men go out. The palanquin is a long, black box with doors at the sides and a flat bottom. It has poles at the ends by which men lift and carry it on their shoulders from place to place.

The child wife, who is screaming and begging piteously to stay one day more, only one day more, she will go tomorrow; she cannot, cannot go today—she is brought and put into the palanquin. The doors of the palanquin are shut, a scarlet cloth is wrapped closely around it so that the child cannot possibly see out nor can anyone see her. The palanquin is lifted and borne away, someone from the house accompanying it. She stops her screaming and sinks down in the darkness sobbing and trembling and clutching tight in her hand an iron charm that has been given her, for she has been told that if she lets go of it while on the way the evil spirits will go with her into her husband's house.

Her poor mother, who was crying and moaning before, breaks into loud wailing as the palanquin is borne away, sways herself too and fro, pounds her forehead on the ground—that forehead on which Vidhata wrote all these cruel things, and cries out to the gods that she may die. How can she live now that the light of

her home has gone out and the queen of her heart has been taken away and given to another.

The palanquin is set down inside the courtyard of her husband's house. The bearers withdraw. The women of the house come from their rooms, the cloth is taken from the palanquin and the doors are opened. The women coax the child wife to get out. She does so at last and her great black eyes look anxiously into the dark faces around her. Will any of them ever care for her?

The house is very like her old home, though not so large or in such good repair. The plaster is off the pillars of the veranda and the walls here and there, and the whitewash was put on so long ago that it is black with dirt. She misses the roses and the marigolds that were her mother's special care in the courtyard at home, and sees the usual rotting pile of dirt and rubbish in one corner of the courtyard. One thing is just the same. On a mound is growing the sacred tulsi*, that sweet tulsi, and she will be very faithful in worshiping it. It will be very easy to do that for it is exactly like the one at home.

They take her to her own room but it is so dark and dreary that she comes quickly back into the courtyard. Now she thinks of it, her mother's room at home was just like that; there were the mats and rugs and bolsters on the floor for the bed, there was the wooden box for the clothes and jewelry, there was the niche in the wall for the idol, another for a little earthen lamp and that was all. Nothing but dusty cobwebs to adorn the dingy walls here and there, but

* The tulsi is a fragrant shrub and is planted by most houses and worshiped by all women.

her mother had been there and she had made the room bright. How could she ever live in this awful place without her mother? Oh, how homesick and how desolate was this little heart.

Will these strange people be kind to her, she wonders, and can it be true what her mother told her that she can never, never, never go out-of-doors again so long as she lives?

But the women gather around her curiously and look at her jewels and her cloth, and try to conjecture how many rupees they cost. They ask her about her house and her mother and they comment idly on her looks. One says she does not see as she is so wonderfully beautiful after all, and another says, "Oh, that's because you are envious for the gods never gave you such eyes as they have given her."

And now what shall I say of child marriage! What can I say in a company like this? Twelve years old this child wife was, but many in India are only eleven or even ten. In Balasore where I lived and worked nine years there was a grandmother in one of our houses. How old do you think? Twenty-four years old.

Four or five years ago when the English Government passed the law that Hindu men could not take their wives to their homes until they were twelve years of age, there was great indignation all over India and great mass meetings were held in Calcutta and other cities where thousands and thousands of the leading men declared that the law was in direct violation of the Hindu religion. Since I have been home from India I have heard the Hindu religion lauded and called an advanced religion. Do you wonder that it

makes my blood boil. Is it strange that missionaries who have lived in the midst of these things almost without exception did not believe in the Parliament of Religions, and the sequel in foreign lands proves that they were right! An advanced religion! Advanced to what? To the imprisonment of women, to child marriage with all its woes, to enforced widowhood with all of its suffering and its disgrace. Nothing but the religion of Jesus can materially change these things. Oh my pitying Father, *when will thy people understand?*

I will not tell you much of the days and weeks that follow. The child wife droops. The women say she pines for home. Her mother-in-law is stern but not cruel. I am giving you as bright a picture as can be drawn in truth. The child is sometimes beaten both by her mother-in-law and by her husband—what Hindu wife is not? But she has never been beaten unmercifully nor kept long without food. There is no special love for her anywhere except possibly from some of the children of the house. Her husband is old and fretful and cares very little for her. How she longs to be folded once in her mother's arms. How she wishes she could go out of this prison house. She had known that the windows in her father's house were high up toward the ceiling, so high that no one could look out, but she had thought little of that. It mattered but little to her then for she could go out-of-doors. But now, how she wishes that she could see out even if but just a little. How she wishes she could climb up where the windows are, but there is nothing upon which to climb. One day when she was asking some of the poor women who came to the

house selling rice about the houses here, and if they looked like the houses where she used to live, they told her that some of the Babus had put up bamboo screens around the railing that surrounds the flat roof of their houses, and that the women were allowed to go up on the roof. In this way they could look down on the houses in the street and not be seen. So one night, her heart beating hard with fear, she tells her husband what the rice women had told her and how she longs to see the houses about and the streets. She tells him that she is not very well any more, but she is sure she would be better if she could go up on the roof and look out through the cracks. He is very angry and tells her to never speak to him or any one else of such a thing again. He tells her that women are never satisfied. The more they get the more they want and if she could see out the next thing would be that she would want to go out. So he says, "Never speak to me again on that subject." Word came to her one day that her mother had gone on a pilgrimage to Juggernath. How her heart sank. It had been her greatest comfort to think every hour of the day just what her mother was doing then. She knew the hours when she would be worshiping the idols, when she would bathe, when she would eat, when she would care for the work in the house. Gone on a pilgrimage? Who had gone with her? Not her father, for he was a great judge, and had two sons who would also be great men some day, though their mother was not so beautiful or gentle or loving as her mother was. Then she tried to remember all she could about pilgrims. She had seen crowds of them pass her father's house, and many of them came there to beg. She shuddered as she

thought of them with their clothes dirty and ragged and their feet sore and often bleeding with their long and weary walk over the graveled road. She remembered how many of them had their feet tied up with rags to protect them from the sharp stones along the road. Her mother, who had never once been out of the house since she was born and even for years before, had gone on a pilgrimage to Puri. Why, Puri is three hundred miles away and it would take her mother a long time to walk so far. Why, her mother had never since her marriage as a little girl, stepped on the ground except in the courtyard of her zenana home. And she knew the pilgrims often slept on the ground under the shelter of the large banyan or pepul trees growing along the roadside. And she knew that it was now the season for the great Roth festival at Juggernath and the rains were of daily occurrence. To be sure, there were rest houses in some of the villages where shelter could be found, but pilgrims must not seek to avoid suffering too much. Where is she now? How can she live in such a way? And then she thinks that perhaps her mother has already died under some tree with fever or cholera and that the jackals and crows and vultures have quarreled with each other as they have torn her precious body into bits and eaten it up. Then she thought that her father was rich and perhaps he had given her mother money so she could go in a palky or bullock cart. Or if not that, perhaps he had at least given her money so she could lodge in rest houses. But would her mother accept any such comforts? She was sure she would not, for she had many times heard her say that the gods were not pleased with such a pilgrimage. What they demanded

was suffering and why go on a pilgrimage at all if one defeats the very object for which they go? This is one of the supreme acts by which one cuts short the number of his births and is the sooner absorbed into the Deity. She has heard her mother say that if pilgrims die by the wayside their souls never again enter into the bodies of animals, but are absorbed and become a part of the great god from which they sprang ages and ages ago. And perhaps it was as well after all that her mother had gone on a pilgrimage and had died and was through her suffering. And yet as she listened to the rain falling so heavily all the time she thought perhaps she was not dead but was out in the pelting rain? And the howl of the jackal, which she had heard every night of her life, seemed a wail now, for where, oh where was her mother?

She was thirteen years old now when one day she came slowly back to consciousness to be told with many kind words that she is the mother of a boy and that the child is now some days old. She is told that she has refused to see the child or to take any food. She has a confused memory of suffering and realizes now that she cannot move. She wonders if the Babu and if her mother-in-law will love her now just a little bit? Then her eyes close and she is lost again. For months she keeps her room, but at last she can walk a little. She has little care of the boy. She is not strong enough to hold him. She is often told that a sick wife is of very little account and yet as she is the mother of a boy they can overlook much. She is so glad that it is a boy and she wonders how she would have been treated had it been a girl?

One day her father came to see her. How proud

she is of him. How glad she is to see him. His hair is much grayer now than when she left home. He says that he has come to talk to her about her mother and to tell her that she will never see her mother again. Some of the pilgrims with whom she went have returned and have brought back the word of her sickness and suffering. They told of her oft repeated attacks of fever and how at last she told them that her fever now was unto death and that there would be no use of them waiting for her. That they had left her lying under the shade of the sacred pepul tree and come away. And as some weeks had passed and he had heard nothing more he felt sure she must have died. His voice was husky when he told his story and she was comforted a little. He said, "I have been thinking for a long time that I ought to come and see you and now that your mother is gone I felt as if I must come and look once more into your eyes. Your eyes, which are so like your mother's!" He goes away and leaves her alone, lying on the floor of her dingy room. She looks up to the ceiling, all hung with dusty cobwebs, with here and there a spider hanging by its silky thread, and she remembers that she has been told that sometimes the mother comes back to her home in the body of a spider to watch over her children. As one comes down very near her she wonders if it can be her mother who has come back to see her. But then she remembers that her mother has died on a pilgrimage and therefore will never be born again as a spider.

The rains stop at last and the clear, cold season comes on. It never was so cold, our little mother thinks as now, though there is neither frost or snow in Bengal. She thinks now of the bright, clear

days she once enjoyed when she was a girl and well and strong and could run and play at will. March comes and the warm winds begin to blow and begin to parch the earth. April and May come, and hotter and hotter blow the winds.

The thunder showers which often come this time of the year do not come now, and the tanks are getting low and the streams are drying up. The small tanks all become dry and baked, the few wells are dry also, and a water famine seems certain. Fevers and dysentery rage and cholera is claiming many victims. A great epidemic is feared if the rains hold off much longer. But how clear the sky remains. The great sun rolls up in the morning like a ball of fire, blazes down unmerciful heat all through the day and fades out in the west at night and leaves the world sweltering in heat. Days and weeks like this and there is scarcely a drop of water left which should be used. Government guards are placed over the tanks to see that no family gets more than is absolutely necessary. Cholera is at its worst. The mourners go about the streets and their wail scarcely ceases day or night. The Government does what it can. Cholera mixtures are provided and kept by officials in many places so that all may avail themselves of its benefits if they desire. Hundreds of cattle go staggering over the fields seeking in vain for food and water.

There are five hundred people to the square mile in this section and death by thirst stares them in the face. The people are terror stricken. Cholera is now doing its deadly work. Already two of the children of the family of which we speak have died of it. So there is great sorrow and confusion in the home. One morn-

ing the Babu went to his office in his palanquin and in two hours he was brought back deathly ill with cholera. In one more hour he was dead. No sooner had the last breath left his body than his terror stricken widow was stripped of all her jewels and her silken sari replaced by a piece of plain cotton cloth. Her raven black hair, of which she was so proud, and which she so loved to ornament with jewelry and flowers, was cut off by the barbers. In this way was proclaimed her disgrace to all who saw her. Her mother-in-law sat swaying to and fro and beating her forehead upon the ground; that forehead upon which Vidhata had written her fate. She lamented loudly that her son should have married a wife whose unatoned sins had brought such sorrow to her home. She declared that to look upon the face of the woman who had brought all this grief to her and the household would make her blind. She was never to see her again and ordered that she was to be shut up out of sight. So she is rudely thrust into a little dingy room and the door is shut. She could not cry for it is all so sudden. And she is so weak. She has thought for many months that she could not live long and she has been told many times that she might as well be dead as alive for a sick wife was of no account. But instead of her dying, the bright little children had died—the children who loved her. She had always been a little afraid of her husband but now that he was dead she began to realize her awful condition.

And her baby, her own bright boy. Would they allow her to see him? He might get the cholera also. Perhaps even now he might have it. Would they tell her? Untold fears haunt her as she is confined in her

prison room. She is kept in her room for days and weeks. No more cholera comes to that house for at last the rain comes and it gradually dies out. After a time a little more liberty is given to her and by and by her mother-in-law consents that she may come into her presence, but she must never sit down in her presence. She is a disgraced being. To look upon her first in the morning brings ill luck so she crouches behind doors or remains in her room until each member of the family has seen all the other members. At night no pillow or cushion must she be allowed, and only a grass mat protects her from the cement floor, and only a sheet or blanket is to be her covering. One meal a day only can she eat and that at noon. The delicacies she so much needs, being in poor health, she cannot have. Twice each month she must fast for twenty-four hours without a morsel of food or a drop of water. On her fast days she often suffers much and sometimes becomes unconscious. Once when two fast days come together and she goes forty-eight hours without food or drink the wife of a younger brother becomes alarmed and begs that something be given her to drink. The mother-in-law is firm. She, too, pities the child, but she says we dare not do it. The gods have decreed that widows must suffer and by just so much as we try to decrease their suffering by just so much will it be increased.

After six long months of widowhood has been passed a second child is born to her—a little girl. The mother lives long enough to hear that it is only a girl and that the child is dead. She is glad the child is dead for she knows that an orphan girl is a burden too great to be borne, and so is often not borne.

Her great hungry eyes take on a startled look of fear, a shudder shakes her slender frame, for she is hardly yet fully grown—she gasps and is gone. The frightened soul goes out into the dark, seeking a body in which to be born. It may enter a slimy snake or an insect, or possibly be born again a baby girl—an unwelcomed child to live again the life of a Hindu woman.

What was the woman's name? You may call her Malatie or Sukie or Phulmonie or Chundramonie or Tara. You may call her one of a hundred names. It is not by ones or twos that such cases are found, but there are millions of them scattered all over India and they are living today just such a life as this.

There are no single girls in a Hindu household. Every girl is either legally married or dedicated to a life of shame. Hindu widows cannot marry a second time, therefore every man from the age of a boy up to that of an old man must marry a little girl.

Oh, has the world no pity? Sometimes, in the zenanas, when I have heard the screaming of the child wives, forced to leave the home, and the wailing of the mother as they go, when I have watched the slow dying of the widows and the disgrace of their lives, when these have told me things I dare not tell you, when I have seen and been forced every day to see the blind, the idiotic, the lepers, the insane begging on the streets, and knew that some of them slept under trees at night, it has seemed more than I could bear and live. Do you blame me if I confess today that it sometimes seemed to me as if God and man had forgotten the world? Has God forgotten to be kind? How can God be kind to these and I say it reverently, how can

my God be kind to these when you and I who know Jesus Christ and understand all the good he brings to us, you and I who have also the command to "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature" simply will not go. Nor will but very few of us give as God would have us give that others who will may go. Has God forgotten to be kind? Never. I sometimes wonder how the great heart of our Saviour bears all this. One of the things which broke his heart on Calvary was the thought that the world would be so slow to send the "glad tidings of great joy."

Rev. and Mrs. Z. F. Griffin and Rev. Geo. Henderson,
Calcutta, 1904.

BOOK II.

The Biography of Libbie Cilley Griffin

By her husband

REV. Z. F. GRIFFIN, B.D.

Author of
"India and Daily Life in Bengal" (four editions)
and
"Chundra Lela"

Foreword

I, her husband, am writing a brief story of the life of my beloved wife. I do this for two reasons: I delight to dwell upon the subject. Her memory is very dear to me. Then, I think the story may be an inspiration to all who may read it. It may help them the more closely to walk in the footsteps of her Lord, whom she so closely followed, for it was more than her meat and drink to do the will of her Father in Heaven.

In one way, there is no one so well qualified to tell this story as I am, for no one in all the world knew her as I did. There was nothing which we ever kept from each other. All our plans and prospects were freely discussed and understood. All our trials and troubles were mutual as well as our hopes and joys. And not only from the standpoint of an intimate acquaintance of forty-six years, but also from that of deepest devotion and perfect sympathy, I write this story.

In another way, I know there are many who could tell the story much better than I can. I have not the ready pen, the alert mind and imagination to grasp the qualities of heart and soul which she possessed. I wish I had.

I may add this word. No consideration of personal gain enters into the writing or publishing of the little book. If it will help some one, I shall be satisfied and grateful.

Introduction

Helen B. Montgomery

I first came to know Mrs. Griffin several years ago when the question of merging the Baptist and Free Baptist denominations was up. We had a good deal of correspondence and met each other frequently at the State and Association meetings of the Women's Missionary organizations. Mrs. Griffin had a personality of remarkable depth and sweetness. You at once recognized that she was a woman of power and leadership, but every chance contact with her only served to reveal what were the hidden sources of her power. Personality is a potent word, but mere personality is not powerful enough to explain the secret of the attractive power that was hers. It was a strong and beautiful personality caught up and glorified by the living Christ. She could write as did Paul, "For me to live is Christ."

I remember when her daughter, Mrs. Merson, was speaking and organizing for the woman suffrage cause to have been astonished to see the depth and freedom of Mrs. Griffin's convictions. She belonged to that great generation of Susan B. Anthony, women who for moral passion and spiritual power make the present generation seem pale and thin.

Mrs. Griffin had a mind of remarkable clarity and grasp. I remember talking over with her plans for the mission study classes and how quickly she grasped the need of a more thorough understanding of the mission-

ary enterprise and how ardent she was in its support. New plans did not frighten or repel her. She faced the future with confident expectation. What I loved most with her was her hidden life of prayer and communion. It was always a strength to me to know that she prayed daily for me. Who knows if her prayers and intercessions may be not lost to us who so deeply need them, but just caught up into a better and richer service in which she still works and prays behind the veil.

CHAPTER I.

Ancestry and Early Life

Susan Elizabeth Cilley, the eldest daughter of Reverend Elbridge Cilley and Ruth Hunt Cilley, was born in Boston, Ionia County, Michigan, February 28, 1851. She was called by all her intimate friends, Libbie, and that is the name most people supposed belonged to her.

But before I speak more directly of her life, I want to speak in the briefest possible way of her ancestry. For the facts herewith given, I am indebted to Mrs. Carl Bailey of Hillsdale, Michigan, who is also a niece. Libbie's father was Elbridge Gerry Cilley. His father was Calvin Cilley, a captain in the War of 1812. Calvin's father was Benjamin Cilley. His father was John. John's father was Benjamin and his father was Benoni, and Benoni's father was Richard. He was a magistrate in the Island of Shoal, Maine, 1653. That is as far back as the family on that side of the house has been traced. It is highly probable that two men in this line of the Cilley family were soldiers in the Revolutionary War, though this has not been definitely settled as yet.

The father's mother's side of the house was Bohonan. Susan, after whom Libbie was named, married Calvin Cilley. Her father was Jacob, and Jacob's father was Andrew. Andrew married Susan Webster, an aunt of Daniel Webster. This makes Libbie's grandmother a first cousin to Daniel Webster. Andrew's father was also Andrew, and he was a soldier in the Revolutionary War. He was born in 1709.

Libbie's mother was a Hunt, Ruth Hunt. Her father was Simeon, who was born in 1762, and was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, even though under the age which the law expects soldiers to be. Simeon's father was Daniel. His father was Ebenezar, and Ebenezar's father was Jonathan, and Jonathan's father was John, born in 1656, and married to Mary Webster, daughter of the Governor of Connecticut.

On the mother's side of the Hunt family were the Folsoms. Beginning with Libbie's mother, they are traced back in the following order: Ruth, Elizabeth, Abraham, a soldier in the Revolutionary War; Daniel, Abraham, John, Diligent. John came from England in 1636. Adam, William, Roger, John (1548). To this side of the house belonged the wife of the late President Cleveland, a near relative.

It will thus be seen that on four counts, and probably six, she was a daughter of the American Revolution. Perhaps this long line of ancestry may in part account for her own noble character.

Her father was born in Danbury, New Hampshire, and her mother in Tunbridge, Vermont, and it was here that they married. Her mother's father was deacon of the church at the time of the holding of the first session of that historical meeting of the General Conference of Free Will Baptists at Tunbridge, Vermont, in 1826. They were married at Tunbridge, Vermont, in 1844. In January, 1846, they came to Michigan, bringing their baby boy, Calvin, with them. Mrs. Griffin was requested by Ex-President Mauck of Hillsdale College to write a biographical sketch for the alumni files of the college. This sketch I have before me and I quote from it:

"When my father was a child, his family moved to Vermont. His father died when he was eleven years of age and he was compelled to leave school and work. When very young, he believed that God called him to preach, and he early became a Free Baptist preacher. He married Ruth Hunt, a teacher, whose Hunt and Folsom forbears were from England. From these families have come an unusual number of teachers, ministers, missionaries, and Christian workers.

"Father held a good pastorate in Vermont, but both he and Mother felt that they should go to the then West and preach where there were but few ministers. They took their little boy, Calvin, and in 1846, moved to Michigan. They settled in Boston, and were 70 miles from a mill, a store, or another minister. He preached where he took up land, and in two other places to which he went either on horseback or on foot, following Indian trails or paths by blazed trees. He was sent by no mission board and nothing definite could be pledged for his support.

"Here I was born, and my early recollections are of a happy home in spite of dire poverty. Our food was simple, and we often had neither butter nor sugar. Our clothes were few and plain and made over to the limit, but we paid regularly for the church and for missions. That was our luxury. That was for God.

"We kept a few sheep, carded the wool, had rolls made, spun the yarn, and knit socks to buy groceries and clothes. I spun yarn when I had to walk on a raised platform to reach and turn the wheel. I had to take my knitting daily to the little red schoolhouse, and I remember with gratitude that the children built me a seat in the playhouse, and I was the beloved

grandmother sitting in the corner and knitting. I was in the play and was happy.

"As a tiny child I wished that I were a boy so that I could preach like Father. Then I would think, 'But I can be a missionary for even women can teach dark people.' When I got through college, there I would go. Now school lessons must be learned perfectly for missionaries must know everything.

"Later Father took a church near Grand Rapids and lived in the city so that we children might go to the High School. In our family there were Calvin, the eldest; myself, second; Naomi, my youngest sister (later wife of Reverend Amos Rexford of Sparta, Michigan); Simeon, the youngest, who went home to God when he was a young man. Naomi died in the summer of 1926.

"After I graduated from High School, I became principal of the Seventh Ward Grade School of Grand Rapids, Michigan. There was no church or Sunday school in that part of the city and both my mother and I felt keenly that something must be done. In this, also, my sister Naomi joined with us. A grocer gave the use of a room over his store and put in board seats for our use in starting the Sunday school. Soon the school numbered forty pupils. In this Sunday school work, I learned one of the most useful lessons of my life. I went to call on a German washerwoman whose boy, Peter, was in my room and sat in the same seat with my brother Simeon, and asked that Peter should come to the Sunday school. She said his clothes were patched and that he had no shoes and could not go. I said, 'Never mind. Let him come barefoot.' She stood in front of me and pointing her

finger straight at me, said, 'Would you let your brother Simeon go to Sunday school barefoot? When he does, then Peter can and not before.' I said, 'I do not know as he will. I will find out and let you know.' Then I thought, 'Would it do to let the brother of the principal of the school go to Sunday school barefoot?' I talked with Simeon about it and he was willing to do it, and Mother thought that he should. The grocer's wife was willing that her boy should do the same. The next Sunday I told the school of the challenge and asked all who were willing to come to the Sunday school in their common work clothes to raise their hands. The vote was unanimous and enthusiastic. In less than three months, the attendance was over two hundred, men, women, and children, glad to come when all could wear every-day clothes. Today a large Baptist church claims that school as its beginning."

CHAPTER II.

Begins College Life

"After one year I resigned my position in the school saying that I must now go to college. A committee from the school board called on me and offered to pay my entire expenses in Normal School if I would go and agree to teach at least five years after I graduated. I was grateful that the work I loved so well had been so satisfactory, but I told them that I was going to be a missionary and could not give them any more time. During the year I had helped to support the family, so that when I arrived in Hillsdale in September, 1871, I had just $75. in cash. A scholarship provided for my tuition. I was to wash dishes and wait on table for my room and board. This, with what I earned during vacations, took me through two years of my course. Then I engaged to teach in Jonesville grammar school at a salary of $600. That, I thought, would take me through the remaining two years."

I want to take up the story here myself for a little while. I want to speak of her father and mother. They were both very unusual people. As has been said, her father had but little school advantages, being left an orphan at an early age. But her mother was well educated. Her father wanted to learn and her mother became his teacher. He was a man of keen perception and knew men very well and he knew things. He was also a man of keen wit and a very fluent tongue, and with all had a good use of words. He made rapid advancement and became a preacher of

far more than ordinary ability. He was unusually sympathetic so that for miles and miles in every direction he was called on to conduct funeral services, and in those days many people did not think that it took money for a minister to live, that he had to pay for his clothes and horse and all other expenses the same as other men. Often he would drive many miles and be gone all day and receive not a cent as compensation. These are some of the things which keep a minister poor.

Her mother was cultured and quiet, reserved and dignified, but underneath the rather cold exterior she had a most warm and sympathetic heart. The daughter inherited some of the traits of both parents. She was modest and quiet, and never self-assertive, and had also the deep emotions of both father and mother. She, like them, never swerved from the path of duty as she saw it.

Before beginning her work as teacher in Jonesville, there came a call to India for a worker in the zenanas of Midnapore. She thought of offering herself then and there before completing her college course, but thought she had better consult her parents and get their advice. Her father was not ready to give her up. He was a man greatly devoted to his children. Her mother was glad of the call and was anxious to have her go. She said to her father, "Father, ever since I can remember, I have heard you pray for the people of the world who were in darkness, and pray that God would call more laborers for the great Harvest Field. Now that you have a chance to answer your own prayers in a measure, can you refuse to do so?" He was obliged to submit to the reasoning, and gave his con-

sent. She offered her services. Her application was referred to the President of Hillsdale College. He gave as one reason why she should go, that she had a "most jolly laugh." I have heard her tell the story a number of times and say how badly she felt to think that was the high recommendation. But her bright and sunny disposition stood her in hand a good many times in after years when things looked dark and foreboding. She resigned her position in Jonesville and went to India at just one-half the salary. It was a great and memorable meeting in Attica, New York, in the summer of 1873, when the Central Association of Free Baptists accepted her as the Children's Missionary and consecrated her to that work. Those who were present have never forgotten the occasion.

She had in New York City a very dear friend who had been her instructor in Hillsdale College and who was now the wife of Dr. Abraham Lozier. His mother, Dr. Clemence Lozier, was president of the Homeopathic Medical College for Women in New York City. She was to come to their house for a few days in getting ready to embark. Also she was told that if ever she was obliged to come home, she was to come at once to their place.

There were in the party going out, Dr. O. R. Bachelor and wife and little daughter, Mary, twelve years of age, who were returning to India, Reverend A. J. Marshall and wife, newly married, and herself. Nothing unusual happened in the voyage of twelve thousand miles. They landed in Calcutta and went by river and canal boat to their station, Midnapore.

One is constantly learning lessons in India and she learned one the first evening. As they were walking

along the towpath, they came to a little shop where were displayed a quantity of grain and sweets for food. Among other things there was quite a large basket of popped rice. She thought of buying some, but thought she would first taste it and see what it was like. She took a few kernels in her hand when there was at once a great outcry. She did not know what it was all about but Dr. Bachelor told her that she had polluted the whole basket by touching the food, and that she would have to pay for all there was in it and that she could either take it or it would be thrown away. She paid for it and took it, and they were all supplied with all the popped rice they could eat. She learned never to touch food that a Hindu was expected to eat.

CHAPTER III.

Begins Work in India

Her home was with the Bachelors. The very first thing that all new missionaries are expected and required to do is to study the language. Dr. Bachelor advised her to get a teacher who could not speak a word of English, telling her that she wanted to learn Bengali and not to teach her pandit English. She secured such a teacher, and for four hours each day she sat with him and studied the language. Then she would go to the children's school and sit with the little tots and join in their recitations. Almost every day she went into the homes of the Christian people of the community. In this way she was constantly hearing the Bengali and constantly trying to use it. It is said that she acquired the language very rapidly.

There was a gentleman, Robert Frost by name, who was the father of our missionary, Frost, now in India (1927) who went out about the same time as Miss Cilley and who was also living in the home of the Bachelors. One day Miss Cilley heard him reading with his pandit, and he was reading difficult Bengali. It was far in advance of her and she could scarcely understand a word of it. She asked Mr. Frost if he understood what he was reading. "Perfectly," was his reply. She thought herself so stupid that she went to her room and cried. It so happened that when she was hardly over her crying, Mr. Frost came to her door and told her that a man was there with a cartload of bamboos and he did not know one word that the man said, did not know what he wanted or what he was talking

about. He asked her to come out and see if she could make out what the man wanted. She went out and asked the man about the bamboos. He told her that the bamboos had been ordered by Dr. Bachelor, who was just then away from the house, and that he would like to know where to put them and that he would like to get the pay for them and so on. She got the money, paid for them, and showed him where to put them. Mr. Frost was surprised to hear her talk. "Now," she said to him, "we are even. You can read your classical Bengali, and I will talk to the people." And that was one of the secrets of her access to the hearts of the people. It was not in any way patronizing, but she just loved the people and loved to meet them in their homes and talk with them. She felt she was one of them and they knew she felt that way, and she was one of them.

It is the custom of most mission boards to allow the new missionary one straight year to study the language with no distracting work or care, but usually the missionaries on the field are so loaded down with work that some duties are put on the new missionary long before the year is over. This was true in her case. While she kept at her studies, she also began the zenana work, that is teaching the women in the high caste homes, or prison homes, to read, to write, and giving them some good literature and teaching them something about the Christian religion. This work was but in its infancy in Midnapore in 1873 when Miss Cilley took it over; in fact it was but in its infancy anywhere in India.

Mrs. Mullins in Calcutta but a very few years before had opened the zenanas of that city, it is said, by the point of the needle, as Dr. Parker opened work in

China by the point of the lancet. It came about on this wise. A Bengali gentleman happened to be where Mrs. Mullins was and saw her embroidering a pair of slippers. The colors were bright and the slippers looked very attractive. "I wish," said the man, "that you would come to our house and teach my wife to do that kind of work." "I will," said Mrs. Mullins, "on the condition that I at the same time teach her to read and write and teach her something of the Christian religion." It was not an easy thing for him to agree to at that time, but the thought that his wife might make such beautiful slippers outweighed all conditions and Mrs. Mullins opened the door to the zenanas.

The news of the opening of the zenana doors to Christian teachers in Calcutta had reached Midnapore, seventy-five miles distant, and a few of the most aggressive native gentlemen had opened their homes. It was in this condition when Miss Cilley took over the work, but with her characteristic zeal she was not satisfied to enter the doors already opened. There were scores of homes of high caste people in the city which had not been opened and into these she greatly longed to go. She felt that she was but touching the outer fringe of the work. She went from one of these homes to another to confer with the head men of the household. Now and again she was rudely repulsed. There were some who thought women altogether incapable of learning to read or write. There were some who thought it sinful and contrary to the teachings of the Hindu shasters to attempt to teach women. But for the most part she was kindly welcomed. Her earnest but sweet, winning way would open the door almost anywhere. She soon saw that more doors were ready

to be opened than she had teachers to enter or funds to pay the teachers. Then she began to write letters to friends in America to come to her help with funds. Some of these letters were never answered, but some were. Some were so deeply interested that they not only then began to contribute but kept up their support all their lives. Then she went down to see Miss Crawford, who had charge of a large girls' orphanage in Jellasore, to see if she could let her have about six of her best girls for the work in the zenanas of Midnapore. Miss Crawford said, "Yes, Libbie, I will and with joy, but you ask for the best. Who is to take my dull girls?" Then Miss Cilley replied, "Give me four of your bright girls and two of the duller ones and I will see what I can do with them." And so they came. Thus she pushed forward the work.

In addition to overseeing the work of the increased number of teachers, she frequently herself visited the homes with these teachers and talked with the women of the zenanas. Besides this, she kept her Bengali teacher and studied with him daily for three hours. Then she regularly had one hour in the morning with the zenana teachers for counsel and prayer, for instruction and inspiration. It was her purpose to put the Gospels in the hands of these women as fast as they could learn to read. The New Testament was printed in small portions, as Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John each in a little booklet. She tells of one day going into a home where she had previously left the Gospel of Luke, and she found the woman reading it and crying. Miss Cilley asked her why she was crying. "I thought the book would give you comfort. Instead, you are sorrowful." "But to think that they

drove the nails in his hands when he was so good and kind." It was the thought of that which made her weep.

One of the dull girls to whom I referred was Lottie. Mrs. Griffin again tells her own story:

"In Midnapore God led me to begin the first work of Bible Women ever done in India, so far as I know. One missionary was appointed school inspector to examine the pupils in the homes of the zenanas or girls' schools, mark their standing and report on the efficiency of the teachers. Lottie was not an efficient teacher. In Midnapore, she reported much good work done, but Lottie was far from efficient. Some of her pupils had studied for months and could not read well yet. I said to the inspector, "Did her women and girls sing hymns and repeat texts of Scripture? Did you examine them on the life of Christ?" "Yes, she did well in that but her regular work is inexcusable and she should be dismissed." I felt that I could not let Lottie go but called her and told her what the inspector had said, that her pupils were not learning at all well. Tears came into her eyes, and she said, "Mama, how can I spend more time in teaching 'Kaw, Khaw, Baw, Bhaw' (the first letters of the alphabet) when they need so much to know about Jesus?" I said, "Lottie, would you like to stop your regular work and take Chandama with you and go around to the villages and tell the women of Christ and sing with them and teach them to sing hymns and pray with them?" "Oh, Mama, I would be so happy to do that!" And *Lottie* and *Chandama,* a very old lady converted from Hinduism, *became the first Bible Women in India.*

"I immediately wrote of this to some of my friends

and to some of the papers of India and the work thus begun grew until it had later become a branch of work in nearly all missions in India. I later learned that a similar work had been started in China shortly before."

Anyone who has ever passed through a real India cyclone can never forget it. Such an experience came to Miss Cilley in Midnapore and to us later in Balasore. The house in which the Bachelors lived had walls of brick, but the roof was thatch. It began blowing and raining in the afternoon. The gusts of wind increased in violence and at shorter intervals. By the time night had come the storm was fierce. The roar was such that the people in the house could scarcely make each other heard. The dining room was the largest room in the house and in this they all gathered. Soon the roof was lifted and the only protection they had all the night from the pouring rain was what they could get by standing as close to the wall as possible and then not knowing but what it might come over on them at any time. Two thousand people perished that night in the city of Midnapore.

Miss Cilley began to show signs of breaking down, and after two or three months of suffering both the civil surgeon of Midnapore and Dr. Bachelor advised that the only thing which could save her life would be for her to return to America. By the time she got ready to leave, she was not able to walk. She was taken to Calcutta in a boat and they arrived not much before dark. They cast their anchor near a large steamer lying at anchor. In their small boat they expected to spend the night. Dr. Bachelor, Miss Cilley, and one or two missionaries who came to help in ar-

rangements for embarking, sang a hymn as the boat lay there at anchor. There were indications of a hard storm approaching. Soon after they had finished the hymn, the jolly boat pulled up along side and a voice in English said, "I am the captain of the steamer near by. I heard the singing and I knew there were some Christian people in your boat. I fear a big storm is coming on, and I want you to come aboard my ship until morning." And they did.

CHAPTER IV.

The Return Home

In due time Miss Cilley was put aboard the steamer for London. She was carried aboard and was not able to turn herself once in her bunk. The ship's doctor was a young man but most attentive and kind. The steward did all in his power to relieve her suffering and to help her in every way. One night she heard the doctor say to one of the officers of the ship, "I don't think she will last until morning." She said that she felt the great strong arms of the Everlasting Father underneath her and she knew if she were to be buried at sea, God was still there. But she lived.

There was with her a lady missionary from the same station who had lived in the same house with her, Miss French, but she was a very poor sailor and could not stay below for any length of time without getting seasick, so most of her time was spent on the deck, and she could really have done nothing if she had stayed below.

In due time they arrived in London. A cab was called and she was tenderly carried out by the ship's officers and put in it. They were driven to a hotel in the city. The driver went in and called out the landlord. He looked in the cab and said, "Do you expect I am going to take a guest into my house who is not likely to live until morning." It was then after dark. The outlook was not bright. Here were two young women in a great city, utter strangers to everybody, and one of them so ill that she could not stand. Miss

French began crying and exclaimed, "What shall we do?" The cab driver was somewhat troubled. He could hardly dump two passengers in the street and one of them ill. Miss Cilley quoted the wonderful passage. "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." The landlord spoke up and said, "There is a man down here two blocks by the name of Burns and he is a great Church member, and I believe he will take you in." The cab drove down to Mr. Burns' hotel, and Mr. Burns came out and heard the story and directed his people to take them and put them in a good bed. So God did supply their present need.

In due time the ship was ready to sail and Miss Cilley was carried aboard and put in bed, on which she lay for the fourteen days of the passage from London to New York. Her only recollection was seeing a doctor come into the cabin so drunk that he could hardly stand or talk properly. Those fourteen days were a perfect blank in her life.

On her arrival in New York, she was at once taken to the house of Dr. Lozier. Some years afterward, we spent a day or two in the home of Dr. Jenny Lozier, who was then living in Staten Island, and she told me of Libbie's condition when she was brought from the ship. Her hair had not been touched for fourteen days and was such a mass of snarls that it was almost impossible to ever get them straight, and her body had not been washed and was filthy. Mrs. Lozier, in looking at the emaciated body of her dear old friend and its condition, lifted up her voice and wept. She just had to give vent to her pent up emotions.

She was as carefully nursed as possible, and little

by little, slowly and almost imperceptibly, day by day, was brought back to life. To the skill and care of these God-fearing women and able physicians, Dr. Clemence Lozier and Dr. Jenny Lozier, she owed her life. While she was in this convalescent state, there was also another young woman staying in the house for treatment. She was a wealthy young lady and cultured and Miss Cilley was afraid of giving offense if she talked to her concerning her soul. But one day as they were alone in the parlor, Miss Cilley said to her, "I am sure you will not be offended if I speak to you concerning your spiritual life and the more important things for which we live." "Oh," said the young woman, "I am so glad you are going to talk to me on that subject. When I came here and knew that you were a missionary, I said to myself, 'Surely she will talk to me about my soul.' I have always wanted some one to do that." Miss Cilley told her in a plain, simple way how to open her heart to Christ and let Him rule her life. They then and there kneeled and both prayed and the young woman surrendered herself to Christ as her Lord and Master. She sometimes told this story to impress the truth that often there are hungry hearts all about us who are just waiting and longing for some word of help and encouragement. And this is no isolated case. It was exceptional only because of the apparent wealth of the young woman, but she was always seeking opportunities to bring people to Christ. I heard Dr. Erdman of Princeton say that the reason John the Baptist was the greatest man that had ever been on earth up to the time of our Lord was because he was pointing people to Christ. If this is the test of true greatness she was a great woman.

After a time, she had sufficiently recovered to proceed on her journey to Michigan where her father and mother and many relatives and friends lived. She hoped that complete rest and home association would quickly build her up. But she did not improve and it soon became apparent that she was going backward instead of forward. The Loziers insisted that she come back to them. They were anxious to give a cup of cold water in the name of the Lord. She returned, and on a careful examination it was found that Miss Cilley had developed diabetes. Dr. Lozier applied all her knowledge to combat the disease and it was found after a time that she was succeeding and again her health was restored.

Miss Cilley had found out by experience in India that a knowledge of medicine was very desirable. She resolved to take a medical course rather than complete her regular college course which still lacked two years. To this end she began the study of medicine in New York Medical College and completed her first year. In the meantime her mother had been in failing health and it was apparent that Libbie's help in the care of her mother would be needed. All her ambitions and future prospects must be set aside for the present when her precious mother needed her help. She went home to do all she could to relieve the suffering of her mother, who was dying of an incurable cancer. This is what she said:

"I hastened home at once to help care for my Mother. She was helpless the last year and suffered such agonies of pain as almost to break our hearts. Then one day, she ceased to writhe. A wonderful halo of light shone around her. She looked up with a

glad smile and held up her arms as if she were being lifted by God himself. That was the happiest moment of my life. God had taken her out of misery into joy. A good neighbor of ours who was with us at the time was converted then and there because of that wonderful death. Two weeks later, Addie, the wife of my brother Calvin, who had been ill with tuberculosis for a year or more died. She left three children, one child one year old, one three years, and one five. They came to live with me in my father's home in Kent City, Michigan."

CHAPTER V.

In the Home Land

In this sketch of her life she tells of her work for the following three months, and refers to the fact of her going out to India as the missionary of the children of the Central Association. Her consecration to this work in Attica, New York, has already been referred to. Dr. Ball, who was President of the Central Association, then and for many years before and after, wished her to make a tour of the churches composing the Central Association of Free Baptists and to give addresses. It was proposed that she speak at least twice on each Sunday and once or twice each week day, Monday excepted. She consented and the schedule of appointments was made out. Satisfactory arrangements for her brother's children were made and she began this three months campaign for missions. She had a winsome voice and a pleasing and modest manner, a full knowledge of her subject and a natural earnestness in presenting her cause. It is hardly necessary to say that her tour of these churches was a great success. Almost universally ministers welcomed her into their pulpits and the people listened with great interest. She set the needs so before them that many saw that they had not done much more than trifle with the great commission of our Lord to "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." I heard Reverend Delos Abrams tell the story of one of his members who was influenced by Miss Cilley's address to give generously to mis-

sions all his life afterwards. This is but a single case which came to my notice but I copy his letter in answer to my inquiry for exact facts.

"Dear Brother Griffin: The name of the man who heard the talk given by Mrs. Griffin was Alexander Lewis. He was converted in North Side Baptist Church, Elmira, and in that church he heard her give the missionary address. Always afterwards he gave at least one hundred dollars a year to the cause of missions and just before he died he called me in and told me that he had deeded his house and lot to the Foreign Mission Society. What he did was inspired by that address. Sincerely yours, Delos Abrams."

Here was a man who probably thought he did his full share if he gave five dollars a year for missions and that is far more than the average church member gives, who when he saw his real duty gave one hundred dollars a year and often more. The direct financial results in that one case was probably not less than five thousand dollars.

After this engagement was filled, she now thought of finishing her college course. The care of her brother's three little children would have been enough for an ordinary woman but she could not think of giving up the work to which she had dedicated her life. She must not neglect the motherless children in any way, but she must complete her college course. She saw that it would now be impossible to complete her medical course, but she thought she could go to Hillsdale, where there would be better opportunities for providing for the children and finish her regular college course. A neighbor's daughter, Emma Thompson, was also anxious to attend Hillsdale. It was fin-

ally arranged that they might go and live together, the fathers furnishing the raw material for the upkeep of the table, the young ladies to do the work and so arrange their classes that one could be at home all the time and care for the children. A scholarship would provide for the tuition of Miss Cilley. To this end she came to Hillsdale to attend the Commencement exercises in the summer of 1879 and to make the necessary arrangements for entering the college in the autumn. A rather amusing incident occurred at the Commencement exercises in the church.

I had known of her for four or five years, for her letters from India appeared regularly in the denominational papers and also in the Myrtle, the Sunday school paper. Her letters were very interesting and everyone who took the papers read them, and her name was widely known and I was among that number. On this occasion, I was sitting up in the gallery of the church with my friend, Reverend J. S. Harrington. He had in his hand an opera glass, and was watching the people as they filed up the aisle on the opposite side of the church. Soon he said to me, "There goes Miss Cilley." "Which one?" I said. "The young woman with the short hair," he said. "Let me take that glass so that I may get a close view of her." He handed it to me and I looked for a half moment and handed it back to him with the remark, "She will never be hung for her beauty, that is one sure thing." But handsome is as handsome does. In after years I saw that she was beautiful, and as the years went by more and more she became so until, at least in my eyes, there was no more beautiful face in all the land than hers.

It had been arranged, I think by the Women's Mission Society, that while she was in Hillsdale, she should visit some of the churches in the vicinity of Hillsdale. I was supplying the church at Dover, and as it was among the larger and better churches, it was requested that she come to my church and speak on some Sunday in the near future. Of course I welcomed any such messenger and she came and spoke. After the service we had Sunday school. Mr. Stockwell, the superintendent, asked her to go into my class. But she said, "I am afraid of your dignified preacher. Let me go into some of the girls' classes."

Time went on. In September the school opened and she was a student. She was nothing to me more than a casual acquaintance. I met her once in a while on the campus and in the chapel and passed the usual salutations. That fall a great sorrow came into my life. I had begun my college course late in life. I had a lovely wife and two children when I entered Hillsdale College in 1877. One child, Nellie, was born to us there. In this autumn of 1879 my dear wife left me for the Better Land suddenly and unexpectedly. I was left fairly stunned. I had now three children and the babe was unweaned. My parents came to my help for the time being and I gathered up the broken threads as well as I could and went on.

Something more than a year later our Theadelphic Literary Society was to have a banquet at Smith's Hotel down in the city. Will Myers, now Dr. Myers, of Madison, Ohio, was the chairman of the committee of arrangements. He came to me one day and asked me if I would take Miss Cilley to the banquet as each member (this was a man's society) was expected to

take some young lady. I told him it was entirely immaterial to me. If she was willing to go with me, I was willing to take her, and it was so arranged. We went to the banquet and had a pleasant evening.

On the way home the driver ran on an embankment in the street, carelessly left there by the city, the carriage was upset, and Miss Cilley severely injured, an injury from which she never fully recovered. Very naturally, I was interested in her. I felt a degree of responsibility. I should at least call frequently and inquire after her welfare. I found myself looking forward to these calls with some degree of interest. But I need not dwell upon the steps leading up to our engagement and marriage.

The housekeeping arrangements of us both were not satisfactory, and we saw how advantageous it would be to marry even before graduation. On her thirtieth birthday, February 28, 1881, we went to Jackson, Michigan, and were united in marriage by our mutual and old time friend, Reverend George R. Holt. We came back to Hillsdale and united our household effects and kept house until our graduation in June of the same year.

In the meantime the church at Gilberts Mills, New York, had been corresponding with our President, Dr. Durgin, with reference to a pastor. He had referred them to me and a correspondence was opened and we were called to serve that church. We entered upon our work with great faith and zeal and the work of the Lord prospered in our hands. If I were called upon to attend a quarterly meeting or a conference of any kind, my wife most efficiently took the service and to the great satisfaction of all the people.

CHAPER VI.

Back Again to India

In the summer of 1883 there came an urgent plea for a man and his wife for our Bengal mission in India. After much prayer and due consideration, we offered ourselves to the board and were accepted. In the meantime a little girl had come to our home and we named her Frankie Lawrence, after a very dear friend of Mrs. Griffin's who had died in India. We arranged that our eldest girl should remain in Hillsdale and the second girl go to my parents, and the two little ones we took with us.

We sailed out of New York on October 20, 1883, and landed in Calcutta December 31 of the same year. We were sent to the same station, Midnapore. Mrs. Griffin took up the same work which she had founded some seven years before and strengthened and enlarged it, while at the same time she again began the study of the Bengali language. This came back to her very rapidly.

At the expiration of one year, we were transferred to Balasore, where she again organized the work of Bible Women and superintended it. In addition we had the boys' orphanage, consisting of from twenty to forty boys. These boys, she had the general oversight of, teaching them daily not only on religious subjects but also to read and speak the English language. Nearly all our boys learned to speak English well, and some of them occupied good positions in the mission

later, and also in Government service. Here and there was one who disappointed us.

In this connection I had a very interesting and unique experience a few years ago. I was traveling about and speaking in various churches in New England. I came to Winthrop, near Boston, and was to give an address in the Congregational church on a Sunday morning. What was my surprise to see a man with dark features walk into the church just before time for the service to begin. I knew he was in the United States but was not expecting to see him that morning. His name was Bahadur Shah and he was one of our orphan boys from Balasore, India, a respectable man and making good in America. He was invited to make a few remarks and attributed all that he was to Mr. and Mrs. Griffin, who had taken him into their orphanage in India.

It was no small part of the missionary's wife's duty to look after the household affairs. Each day food for the twenty-four hours must be doled out from the store room to the cook. All the sewing and washing must at least be looked after as well as the children. Then, she was the missionary's wife and we had a church of two hundred and fifty members, and a Christian community of five hundred. The calls in these directions were not a few. In addition we had a family of now three children which must begin to receive some attention. And soon a son, Bryant, was born in the family to gladden our hearts, and after a time a daughter, Mona, and these must receive a mother's care, which was never neglected. Also, there were a number of English children in the city who sorely needed a school. My wife laid the situation be-

fore the Government and they promised aid if a certain number could be enrolled. The conditions were met and she at once secured the services of Miss Amelia Dessa, an English lady born in Calcutta, who proved to be a most excellent teacher and amiable woman. After a few years, removals from Balasore reduced the number so much that we could not hold the grant and the school closed. Miss Dessa at once found work in the Baptist mission in Nellore, Madras, where she has for thirty years done excellent work and is there still. (1927.)

One other line of work gave Mrs. Griffin great delight and that was going into the country districts during the cold season. It was not possible for her to often get away with me on our cold season trips, but now and again she did. The following little poem written one evening in our tent after having been out a few hours with the children visiting some of the homes of the poor people will explain itself:

ONE MAN NEEDS TO BE SAVED

Far away in a heathen village,
Beneath a tropical sun;
Near the shore of the Indian Ocean,
When the day was nearly done,

A mother and her children
Were treading a narrow way,
Between rows of waving bamboos
And houses of sun-dried clay.

They searched in this new village
For a friendly open door;
Where numbers of eager hearers
Should listen as never before;

Should hear of a Heavenly Father,
  Who sent his beloved Son;
Should know of the blessed Jesus,
  Who would save them, every one.

When one of the little children
  Asked, "Where are we going to go?
And whom are you going to talk to
  In this village, I'd like to know?"

The mother had scarcely answered,
  "Our Father will tell us where;"
When one poor, half-naked coolie,
  Came forward and met them there.

"Now talk to this man, mamma,"
  The little one began;
When the sister, with worldly wisdom,
  Protested, "He's just one man."

"But what if he is just one man,"
  She answered in tone aggrieved;
"I want you to tell me now, mamma,
  Don't *one man* need to be saved?"

O ye who would walk the highway,
  Where are multitudes lost in sin;
Who would seek with eager longing
  The crowds, to gather them in.

In the little path where this finds you,
  In the shade where none will know,
Is one priceless opportunity,
  One man in the path of woe.

Oh, go not carelessly by him!
Not so our Saviour behaved;
He taught us, ah, wonderful lesson!
That *one man needs to be saved.*

One man! They are countless in number,
Save him whatever the cost;
***For one man* died the Redeemer,**
Else you and I had been lost.

It would seem with such a busy life that not a moment could be found for literary work, but Mrs. Griffin wrote and had published two text books for schools with Oriya and Bengali vocabularies. These were accepted by the Government and had a large sale, none of the profits of which, however, came to us.

She also taught in the Sunday school and had charge of the women's prayer meeting of the church as well as having daily meetings with her Bible Women for instruction.

She also established a circulating library. Her aim was to get good books into the hands of the zenana women as fast as they learned to read. For this purpose and also to get more good tracts published in the Oriya language, she applied to the British and Foreign Bible and Tract Society for a grant of money, which was given. This enabled her to greatly enlarge this branch of her work.

Her deep interest in the moral and spiritual welfare of the people made her alert for any new line of service which she could render, and her mind was so active that she was constantly seeing open doors. So far as we have any knowledge, this idea of a circulat-

ing library for zenana women was original with her. And it was certainly a great move in the right direction. Of what use was it that they learn to read unless they get good and pure literature to read.

When she had been in India seven years, her health failed and the doctors said she must either return to America or go to the mountains. We went out for a term of ten years and we had many things we wanted to do before returning, so decided to try the hills. I was to go with her to Mussourie, a hill station in the Himalaya mountains, and get her settled. Then I was to return and carry on the work alone as best I could for six months. It was thought that an entire hot season passed in the hills would tide her over.

It was a hard journey. We had four children. We took the steamer from Balasore to Calcutta, 150 miles. Then we went by train a thousand miles to Saharanpore, then by horse carriage about thirty miles to Rajpore. Then miles from there to Mussourie by doolie carried by men and I on a pony. The elevation was some six thousand feet and the climb was hard. Bhutea women carried our belongings.

We rented quarters at a place called "Midlands" and I settled the family. We took with us one of our own Christian servants from Balasore. Mrs. Griffin put the two eldest children, Nellie and Frankie, in a school nearby and settled herself down to regain her strength. I placed her in the hands of a good physician, Dr. Valentine, and returned to Balasore.

Letters almost daily passed between us, at first cheerful but by and by less so. She was weak and nervous. After about a month I received a letter from Dr. Valentine saying that Mrs. Griffin could not re-

cover under present conditions. The care of the children and the separation from me was more against her recovery than the advantages of the hills were for it. In short he said that she was failing and that I must come.

The situation was laid before the missionaries, our work provided for, and I went to her. That was a hard summer. The series of misfortunes which seemed to crowd upon us in five months is almost unbelievable. At times it looked as if we were all going to be buried together in the mountain cemetery. I think some of us would have died had it not been for good old Dr. Condon. He made daily visits and was not only doctor but nurse. It was typhoid fever, pneumonia, jaundice, malaria fever, and a bad broken arm of our boy. We made a brave fight for the life of Mrs. Griffin who was confined to her bed for two months. But God had something yet for us to do.

To tell in detail of the experiences of that summer would take a chapter by itself. By Christmas we were able to return and all in very good health. We resumed our daily round of duty and were most thankful to be back home and enjoying the blessings of restored health. A good horse and one bullock had died during our absence, but we had learned long since to "take joyfully the spoiling of our goods." We continued at our post the allotted time.

CHAPTER VII.

Home Again

The time of our departure was at hand. The separation from our dear people, all the work we had begun, all the familiar scenes, were experiences too heartbreaking to dwell upon. We were three months on the journey, coming home by the way of France, England and Scotland.

These months were crowded with many thrilling experiences. I pass them over. We landed in Boston, May 15, 1893. As soon as possible we went to the home of our daughter, Mrs. Bryant, in Adrian, Michigan. We had left her a girl of fourteen years in Hillsdale. We returned after ten years to find her a widow.

We had received an invitation from Dr. J. H. Kellogg of Battle Creek Sanitarium, Michigan, even before we left India to come to Battle Creek as his guests on our return and remain there for two weeks. As Mrs. Griffin was by no means well, we decided to accept the invitation. We went, and a careful medical examination revealed the fact that she needed at least one major surgical operation and one or two minor ones. The two weeks lengthened into six months for her. Again she came near death's door and again God raised her up through the skill of the doctors and the nursing of those efficient nurses. Of course, she was not a guest for all those months, but a liberal reduction was made her and we shall never think of Dr. Kellogg and his institution but with feelings of profound gratitude.

It was the custom in this institution to have frequently literary entertainments and the guests were to furnish the talent. Some of these were very fine, as there were some of the most talented musicians and literary people in the country attending at times this institution. At the particular time I refer to, Mrs. Griffin read two semi-humorous poems. One was on Hyper or Hypo, the other on the Long Rubber Bag for the Spine. These are herewith inserted:

HYPER OR HYPO

In the home that you come from, wherever that be,
In the East or the West, or far over the sea;
When you felt that disease had hold of you sure,
Did you know 'twas your stomach you needed to cure?
You found when you came *here* that that was the case,
And the question propounded to each in this place
Is *hyper* or *hypo?*
Too fast or too slow?
For every one here has some "pepsia," you know.

One woman I knew of, came here—this is true—
Not knowing a bit what she'd have to go through;
When they asked if she'd have a test breakfast or not,
She thought she would *take all there was to be got.*
When they brought it, she thought, not *much* did I get.
But later, when stomach and rubber-tube met,
She thought—but *you* know!
For hyper or hypo,
The ills of test breakfasts you *all too well* know.

The cause of dyspepsia is now very plain,
Since microbes were invented, no search is in vain.
'Tis germs do the mischief; blame germs for each hurt,
Their old-fashioned name was old-fashioned dirt.
They swim in the water, they fly in the air,

They swarm in our food, and they crawl everywhere.
If germs would but go,
Hyper and hypo,
And even dyspepsia would vanish, I know.

But the best of these ills is they all can be cured,
If the diet you're put on can all be endured.
If the list they gave you is the list they gave me,
'Tis rather dry eating—cards one, two, and three;
With B and A added—but not any fruit,
Or vegetables either—nothing salted to suit;
Not hypo, but hyper,
Is the cause, you infer,
And everything sweetened tabooed, as it were.

Now the list of our food here is *long,* it is true,
Strange kinds of soups, toasts not a few;
Forty-six kinds of mushes, of bread, thirty-six,
Fruits cooked without sugar, and fruits with grains mixed;
Cream and milk, charcoal crackers, sticks, and zwiebach,
(Not pronounced right, perhaps), and other hard tack.
But you must eat slow,
And chew well as they go,
Or they'll choke you, while reaching the realm of hypo.

Some don't like the food here, can scarce eat the stuff,
Can't get up an appetite, find two meals not enough;
So with faces full length, they order for dinner,
Wheat wafers, and soup, that they wish had been thinner;
Three baked apples, some dates, two eggs, cream, and butter,
Baked potatoes, cream sauce, mashed turnips—and sputter,
Because everything's tasteless; then fruit juices get,
Pearl barley with raisins, cabbage, rolls, and kornlet;
Graham crisps, macaroni, canned peaches and plum,
Date pudding, eggnog, nuts, custard, and some
Fresh apples, you know,
To *keep* for hypo
In the evening, when the world seems a desert of woe.

Now the treatment for stomachs you'll learn here in time,
But I'll give you a hint (if the names will but rhyme)—
Rubber bags hot and cold, bands moist and dry,
Bismuth, and charcoal, or acid to try;
By hand and machine to be twisted and shaken,
Sinusoidal, Faradaic electricity taken;
Galvanism as well, and special massage,
Hot fomentations, ice, and lavage.
All these; isn't it so?
For hyper and hypo,
And stomachs prolapsed? And *still* they won't go.

Just think of the things you and I ate at home!
The pies, and the cakes, and the honey in comb;
The mustard, and pickles, and sharp peppersauce,
The salt, and the butter, and such things; because
No one ever told us that each bit of cheese,
Was made up of germs, and that each one of these
Caused hyper and hypo,
And how could we know
The terrible suffering that we'd undergo?

Then animal food was not made to eat,
Let every strong Englishman give up his meat;
The Chinese his rats, the Santhal his snakes,
The Frenchman his snails, and Yankees clam bakes;
For dumb creatures were made, without any doubt,
To eat up each other, and so get thinned out.
Have they, do you know,
Hyper or hypo?
I sympathize with them if that should be so.

Confucius said ills in extreme views are found,
And truth has her dwelling on medium ground.
Simple habits, loose clothing, plain food, a pure heart,
These form—or they should—of life's wisdom a part.
But care is needed in changing our old ways of thought,

Lest we go beyond reason, change more than we ought.
Thus hyper and hypo,
Are *above* and *below*.
The normal we long for's *between them*, you know.

THE LONG RUBBER BAG FOR THE SPINE

I am singing an ode to my long rubber bag—
The rubber bag made for the spine;
If this subject seems strange, makes your interest flag,
It's because you don't know the real worth of that bag—
The long rubber bag for the spine.

Is your brain over-tired, refusing to work,
Yet thoughts rushing on? So is mine.
Confusion of head, feet and hands without strength,
Irresistible whirl of vain plans laid at length—
Put a hot rubber bag to your spine.

Has the burden of life been heavy o'er much?
Do hard things with harder combine?
Spirit willing, flesh weak? If that is your state,
It will lighten, flesh strengthen, have patience, and wait
With a hot water bag to your spine.

And as I lie thinking, and stroking my bag,
Half human companion of mine;
How I wish that it knew that I value it so,
And could think, and could feel, and could everything know—
My long rubber bag for the spine.

But then comes the thought, the thought that brings pain;
Had this rubber bag, that's now mine,
A brain and a will, it might choose, don't you see?
One fairer or richer, or greater than me,
And leave me no bag to my spine.

Or it then might be looking for those quickly cured,
And refuse the hard cases like mine.
So the master he thinks, and that's better, I'm sure,
For 'tis he knows the need, and 'tis he that can cure,
And he that fills bags for the spine.

And my soul fills with wonder, as thought follows thought;
And my prayer is, great Master of mine,
In thy work of soul-saving, O make me content,
To stay where I'm put, and to go where I'm sent,
Without question—like bags for the spine.

It so happened that there was present a newspaper man from, I think, New York City. He offered Mrs. Griffin quite a little money for these, but Dr. Kellogg had requested to have them printed in a booklet and sold for the benefit of his orphanage. This she preferred to do so they were given to Dr. Kellogg. The edition was all sold so that now none are available.

In the autumn of that year I built our first house at Keuka Park, the first home of our own we had ever had, and the following year we moved into it. I had been working as a traveling secretary for our Foreign Mission Board, visiting our Free Baptist churches in many states while Mrs. Griffin was getting back her strength. We had fully intended to return to India at the expiration of two years furlough. But as time drew near, difficulties increased. We could not take the children back and they were of too tender an age to leave alone, and there was no one we could leave them with.

I resigned to accept a pastorate should a door be opened. Very soon we were asked to go to Elmira Heights and have charge of the building up of the Free Baptist church but recently started in that place. The

outlook was at first not very hopeful but my wife and I had a mind to work and the cause prospered in our hands. No small part of the success was due to her zeal and consecration. One lady who was in our church during the time we were there wrote me after Mrs. Griffin's death, saying, "She was the most beautiful character I have ever known." She had after a time the oversight of the Sunday school and it immediately forged ahead practically filling the church. In the W. C. T. U. and mission societies, she was most active and successful. Frequently she preached when I was called away for any reason and so acceptably that the people requested that she take the service every other Sunday night. If the weather permitted, she always had a good attendance, and so popular did she become as a preacher that ordination was requested for her and she was duly and regularly ordained as a minister. After a short pastorate of something over a year, I was elected Secretary and Treasurer of Keuka College, but Mrs. Griffin remained on at the Heights until such a time as they could secure a pastor. Her work as pastor was highly successful.

A rather amusing incident occurred some years after this. The Baptists and Free Baptists had united and at the meeting of the Baptist State Convention in Auburn, New York, the pastors' conference was called. The secretary requested that all the ministers in the state pay their dues. I with my wife went up to pay ours. I paid mine and my wife tendered hers. The secretary looked a little embarrassed but reminded Mrs. Griffin that the conference was for ministers only. She told him that was what she understood but as she was a regularly ordained minister, she supposed it was

for her also. He saw the point and took the fee and she was duly recognized thereafter as a minister in regular standing in the Baptist denomination in the State of New York, *the first woman to be so recognized in the state.*

We moved back to Keuka Park, but though our connection with the Foreign Mission Society was severed, and though we held no pastorate, yet she always found plenty of work to do outside her family duties. One of the things which involved a great deal of work was that of mission correspondent for the Free Baptist General Conference Board. The purpose of this office was to keep the General Conference in touch with the heads of the department of missionary work in the denomination in the different states of the Union. She was also a member of the General Conference Board. This will now require a word of explanation for now this board has ceased to function. The former Free Baptist denomination was well organized. The church was the unit. Several churches near together organized and composed what was called a Quarterly Meeting. Several Quarterly Meetings combined and constituted a Yearly Meeting and all the Yearly Meetings a General Conference. These were all delegated bodies. At first the General Conference met each year. Later they met once in two years, then once in three years, and finally once in four years. When the sessions became further apart, it was decided to have a permanent Board which could be called together at any time. Mrs. Griffin was elected a member of this Board in 1897 and represented the State of New York. There were twenty-one members on this Board and they were scattered throughout the

United States. She was re-elected from session to session until we returned to India in 1904. On our return home in 1909 she was elected at the next session of the General Conference and held the appointment until the board no longer existed. When the Baptists and Free Baptists had fully united and all financial questions settled there was no further need of the Board. It will be seen that this was the highest trust and the greatest honor that could be given to any person in the denomination.

There were at this time four of our children in school, and sometimes there were eight all told in the family for we had three nephews at different times making their home with us and attending college. It was no small matter to tend to her household affairs. Indeed many a wife and mother would have thought the work too hard, but she believed in simple living and we practiced it, and she always found time to run on errands for her Lord and Master. Somehow, all classes seemed to expect her to do far more than anyone else or far more than they themselves did. Oft times she would go to a house and call and the woman would remark, "It has been a long time, Mrs. Griffin, since you called on us." She would pleasantly reply, "But how long has it been since you called on me?" Perhaps they hadn't called on her for months. The excuse always was that they had "so much to do." They did not stop to think that possibly she might find something to do in her own home. But she was simply a ministering angel and it afforded her great pleasure and joy to help people.

During these years she was also editor of *Our Journal,* a monthly paper published in the interest of

the Central Association of Free Baptists and of Keuka College. She also had many appointments for public speaking in different parts of the states of New York and Pennsylvania.

The church at Odessa was left without a pastor at one time and they asked her to come and supply the rest of the year, which she did. Toward the close of the year she tried to find out what progress they had made in securing a pastor. They seemed rather indifferent, but finally she urged them to do something. The reply was, "We are looking for no other pastor so long as we can keep Mrs. Griffin." Our home and family was at Keuka Park. Odessa was thirty miles away. She had to take the train on Saturday and return on Monday. It was not an ideal situation for a pastor nor for the family nor for the church, but she did this for the whole year, and the church was edified and greatly blessed spiritually and there were added unto their number those who have been pillars in the church.

The Mission Board had frequently asked us to go back to India, but we had not yet seen our way clear to doing so. After six years as secretary and treasurer of Keuka College, I resigned, and as the children were pretty well through college we decided that we could return. The ties which bound us to Keuka Park were strong. Here was our home, the first and only home we had ever owned. Here for more than eight years we had lived with our children, dutiful and loving children, and I may add accomplished children. Here we had the society of our children's friends in college. Here we had plenty of music and cheerful diversion. For my wife and me to turn our backs

upon all this and go back to India for a term of eight years was a cross such as few realized. But Christ endured the cross for the joy set before him and we thought of what we might do for Him in India.

CHAPTER VIII.

Again We Return

In October, 1904, we again turned our faces toward India. It was a journey full of experiences. We went out with Charlie and Dora Collett and their little boy, Ivan, crossing the continent and visiting also Egypt. But I pass these by, interesting as many of them were to us. In my own biography I have written of some of these in detail. In due time we landed in Calcutta and were met by our son-in-law, Rev. George Henderson of the M. E. Mission in that city. We were here informed that our station was to be Santipore. We had expected to go back to Balasore. I had myself purchased the house known as the "Griffin House." By all the precedents in our mission we should have gone there. An unheard of thing in our mission was changing the location of returning missionaries without their knowledge or consent. But Santipore was to be our station. This was an out-of-the-way station. We were on the wrong side of a large river which had no bridge. We were more than forty miles from our nearest white neighbor and over twenty from any who spoke the English language. Coming from a home of children and young people and being set down in the midst of such surroundings was not an easy thing to accept. Besides this I was ill and none of our missionaries expected me to live but a few months, but my brave wife, with her faith and devotion, accepted the situation. In addition to having her own trials

to contend with, she had to support my drooping spirits for I realized for myself that I was rapidly running down. But God was better to us than our fears and after a few weeks I reached the bottom and began to get better.

Then our real work began. Then so many times we thanked the Lord that he had directed our steps to Santipore for here were wide open doors. Mrs. J. L. Phillips had had charge here. In fact she was there when we arrived. A more brave, efficient and heroic woman never lived, but one little woman with her hands tied could not do the work of two or three people. What she had been doing was made over to us and she almost at once left for America.

An industrial school had been begun in a small way. We at once applied to the Government for aid and this was not only given to help maintain the school but also to help erect a suitable brick building to house it. In this way we were able to greatly increase the attendance. It was open one hour each morning for all classes of pupils: Christians, Hindus, and Mohammedans. About one hundred of these came each morning and a busy hive it was. Mrs. Griffin had the principal oversight of this branch of the work. Her classes met for the most part on our large and long front veranda. We had suitable teachers to teach the children how to braid mats, make baskets, cut and sew garments, etc. In the shop we had classes in carpentering which lasted all day. In weaving also we had a large number of young men.

Mrs. Griffin saw almost at once that there was a large class of exceedingly bright young women in our community who ought to get a better education and

who ought to make useful workers in our mission, also that there were some young married women who should go to school. These had all passed the grade of a grammar school, a school we call in India middle vernacular school. Miss Brock was the Inspectress of Girls' Schools for Bengal. Mrs. Griffin wrote her of our situation, and asked her if it would be possible for her in her journeys to come over and see us and look the situation over, that we would provide for her a palky and see that she got there and back to the railway station with as little fatigue as possible. She was glad to comply and at the first convenient season came over. She stayed with us a couple of days. She saw our prospective students and found out their preparation. She and Mrs. Griffin planned the whole course out. One of the first things needed was a suitable school house.

Our church was full of little tots, Santal and Christians, in the kindergarten school. Our only school house was used for our middle vernacular school, and that was crowded to the limit. It was up to me to provide a school house which I proceeded to do. But that is another story. In the meantime, we provided a temporary place for the school. Mrs. Griffin became the Principal and also taught the higher subjects. She regularly prepared her lectures from English into Oriya and taught two hours each day. It certainly took two more hours to prepare her lessons. Then she was the missionary's wife. She was the mother of two hundred children in Santipore and to thousands of Santals and Hindoos around about. Dr. Nellie Phillips had been there before us and in this way I suppose the people got the idea that all women mission-

aries were doctors. I kept a small dispensary and tried myself to doctor some of the more common diseases of the country, but the people had great faith in my wife and she had much to do in giving out medicine, especially for fevers and bowel troubles. No day passed but many people came for medicines. We had a market once a week on our mission farm, and on these days often scores of people came for medicine. At Santipore as elsewhere she had a number of Bible Women. She not only met with these daily, but very often went out with them into the villages to see first hand how they were getting on and to directly do the work that her soul delighted in, that of preaching Christ.

We had a large number of primary schools scattered over this section of the country, and while it was my work to look after the finances, provide teachers and inspectors, yet she loved to go occasionally and visit these schools. She loved children and the children all loved her and had an open ear and heart for any message she would bring to them. Here also she secured the translation of some Christian tracts into the Oriya language and made provision for a very wide distribution through grants from the British and Foreign Bible and Tract Society.

The station of Jellasore, seven miles from Santipore and across the river, was also in our charge most of the time, and here also we had in a similar way but on not so large a scale, the work carried on. In the midst of a daily round of work which it would seem more than any person could possibly do, her health was fairly good.

Mrs Libbie C. Griffin
Keuka Park, N. Y.
1926

CHAPTER IX.

Our Last Return Home

I had severely injured my knee which was a great handicap for the last three years of our stay and which really brought us home two years before we otherwise would have come. Our coming home was delayed to a later time in the year than usual. Most missionaries returning to America or England leave India in February or March. Later there are liable to be cyclones and dangerous weather. But we could not leave earlier because I had undertaken to build a large brick school house and was receiving Government help and I wanted to get all my appropriations completed before leaving, and of course there is always a lot of red tape and delay. It was well in June before we left Calcutta. Everyone said we were running into the face of typhoons which always prevailed in the China Sea at that season for we were going home by way of China and Japan. There were storms all about us but not one came near us. "He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways." The sea was smooth and the weather delightful all the way. When we stepped on the wharf at Vancouver at the end of our long and delightful voyage, Mrs. Griffin said, "Thank you, Lord, for the pleasant voyage you have given us." Such was her childlike faith and devotion.

We went by boat to Seattle, where we spent a day visiting the Yukon Exposition, then on to San Francisco and Los Angeles to visit my brother and his

family. We would fain have lingered in southern California but there was a tremendous pull back East where five children were looking for Father and Mother's home coming after an absence of five years.

We were too old to ever think of again returning to India and the only service we could render was such as might come here and there. At first we returned to Cleveland where I supplied the Fidelity Baptist Church for a few weeks while the pastor was absent in Europe. Then we returned to Keuka Park and settled down in our own home. It was not long before Keuka Park Church was without a pastor and we were asked to supply until such time as a minister could be found. This extended over a period of nearly five years. During this time, Mrs. Griffin was not only the wife of the supplying minister doing all in her power to advance the interests of the church, but was the Mission Secretary for the Yates Association. There are those who see great opportunities in some far away place but fail to see open doors immediately around them. Not so with Mrs. Griffin. She devoutly loved the children and she soon had a band of them who came to our house regularly to study missionary work in different countries and the lives of missionaries, and also to have their own little prayer meetings. It was truly surprising what sincere and earnest and often eloquent prayers some of these children would offer. I think she had the more faith in the children because she herself never knew when she was converted. I have heard her say more than once that when she was younger and heard people tell of the time and place of their conversion she would feel badly and think perhaps after all she was not a child

of God for she could not tell the time or place of her conversion. She could not remember when she did not pray and did not love her Lord. In later years she was glad that she did not know the time or place of her conversion for she was able to help and encourage so many who had an experience like hers and no one doubted her devoted life. No one could point the finger of scorn at her and say that she professed one thing and lived another. Some one once asked D. L. Moody how anyone could tell that a man was sanctified. "Ask his wife," was his reply. No one ever heard Mrs. Griffin boast of her Christian attainments, but those who lived with her, her husband and her children and her near neighbors, knew that she walked very closely in the footsteps of her Lord and Master.

No one could listen to her prayers without feeling that she talked face to face with her Lord. So many of us get into grooves in our prayers. We are apt to use stereotyped forms but she always had a real heart need and heart gratitude to express so her prayers were always stimulating.

The story of the life of Mrs. Griffin would not be at all complete without some reference to her interest in Keuka College and her efforts in promoting it. She considered a college education under good Christian influences to be the greatest asset any young person could have in starting out in life. Keuka College was founded for this very purpose and the expenses were so small that this education was brought within the reach of almost any person with health and ambition. As she looked upon the situation it was ideal. She at once became deeply interested. She was the instrument in

organizing the Woman's Club and did more to secure members than any other person. She literally raised thousands of dollars for the college through this channel. And she was always alert for students. How many she induced to attempt a college education no one can ever know. Certainly a goodly number. And she was always very helpful to those who came and especially to those who were poor. She herself knew something of the struggles of poor students and therefore knew what a little timely help would do.

She was also a most enthusiastic worker in the W. C. T. U. being at one time a national officer in India and a delegate to the national convention. She also wrote and published a brief life of Frances Willard.

For many years she was superintendent of the home department of the Sunday school. It was her duty and her joy to call on those elder people and those who were shut in. As she found a warm place in the hearts of the children so she did in the real affections of the older people. They looked forward to her calls with great interest and she never neglected any when it was possible to see them. And many times she planned to get the home department together for prayer and praise.

She was also keenly interested in young men and women. There are a goodly number whom I know whose purposes and aims in life have been entirely changed by her interest in them and her timely advice. If it did not exhaust the limits of this book, I might give letters from many young men and women telling how their aims had been changed by her timely interest and counsel. How many barrels of clothing for

the suffering ones of Russia or the Near East have been packed under her supervision in her home!

A few years ago she and I were asked by the Foreign Mission Board to visit the Free Will Baptist Churches in Texas and Oklahoma. We went down there and spent several months. We went in different directions but now and again came together at some conference or association. We were usually both speaking. The people of the South are more emotional than those of the North. I have seen her at least on two occasions in her larger gatherings fairly lift the congregation off their feet. It was by no such intention. It was simply by an earnest heart-felt devotion to a great cause, simple language, a quiet manner and a humble attitude but with tremendous power.

And it was not simply over the more emotional people of the South that she exerted an influence but the more staid people of the North were often greatly moved by her addresses. She was once asked to give a missionary address before the Central Association in the city of Buffalo. One of the leading men of the city was present. Afterward in telling me of the address he said: "When she first began I was disappointed for I thought she was not going to measure up to the occasion but as she proceeded the interest increased and before she got through she had fairly swept everything before her."

Those who have heard her preach from the text, "Go tell my disciples and Peter—the solicitude of Christ for the weak and erring," or "No man cares for my soul," the indifference of Christian people toward the unsaved, can never forget those addresses.

The winter of 1925 and 1926 we spent in Florida.

Very soon Mrs. Griffin was invited to speak. First our old friend, Rev. O. H. Denney, invited her to speak in his church and then there seemed no end of opportunities. She spoke in the high school, the ward schools, to the mission societies in the different churches, in the young peoples' meetings and in different gatherings in the churches. She won the hearts of all the people and greatly increased their interest in giving the gospel to those who have it not. Following her death I received many messages of love and sympathy from those who but a short time before had been but strangers.

It was discovered in June that she had a cancer. At once steps were taken for radium treatment, first in Buffalo and later in Boston, but no skill could stop the terrible disease. For seven months she suffered great pain but she never rebelled or even spoke of her sufferings. Cheerfully she endured all she had to endure. One day as I saw the end was not far off I said: "You know, dear, that the good Book tells us that 'in my Father's house are many mansions." "Yes," she whispered, "and we will both be there soon." Her going not only left a great gap in the family circle but in the community as well. All classes of people from far and near hastened to do the last thing they could do. Beautiful bouquets of flowers covered the coffin and the platform. Evangelist Vreeland read appropriate selections, Rev. L. R. Loomis spoke from Paul's words, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith," and Dr. A. H. Norton spoke from the words, "She went about doing good."

On January 8th we laid her away in the little cemetery at Keuka Park, the place of her own choosing.

"They who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever."

Herewith is appended the last poem she ever wrote, and I think she had a premonition of what was coming:

"God rules our years,
The days at times in strange forbidden paths have seemed to lead;
We realize the turn, but cannot see the end.
The path if straight might lead to towering obstacles that would the heart appal.
The winding path that puzzles us is wisest after all.
God rules our years.
The thing we wanted, prayed for, suffered when we did not get,
Seemed wisest, best, the only end to seek.
Yet, God withheld it, and we could not understand;
We blindly staggered on, and gaining strength we came to know
God all the time had held our hand.
God rules our years.
The present seems unrest, and what's before us looks at distance hard to bear;
But time has told our hearts to be not sad.
The years are made of heart throbs, God's temple is the soul,
And we are glad."

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Griffin, Zebina Flavius
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The life of a Hindu woman and the ~~biography of Libbie Gilley~~
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The life of a Hindu woman and the biography of Libbie
61736 Cilley Griffin.